

FINANCIAL.

REPORT OF THE CONDITION OF THE First National Bank

At Astoria, in the State of Oregon, at the close of business, Sept. 21, 1906.

Table with 2 columns: Resource, Amount. Includes Loans and Discounts, Overdrafts, U. S. Bonds, etc.

Table with 2 columns: Liability, Amount. Includes Capital stock paid in, Surplus fund, Undivided profits, etc.

State of Oregon, County of Clatsop, ss: I, S. S. Gordon, Cashier of the above-named bank, do solemnly swear that the above statement is true to the best of my knowledge and belief.

S. S. GORDON, Cashier. Subscribed and sworn to before me this 7th day of September, 1906. C. A. COOLIDGE, Notary Public.

REPORT OF THE CONDITION OF THE Astoria National Bank

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State of Oregon, County of Clatsop, ss: I, George H. George, president of the above-named bank, do solemnly swear that the above statement is true to the best of my knowledge and belief.

GEORGE H. GEORGE, President. Subscribed and sworn to before me this 11th day of September, 1906. M. C. MAGEE, Notary Public.

CASTORIA For Infants and Children. The Kind You Have Always Bought. Bears the Signature of J. C. Watson.

THE JUROR FROM BAY

By M. J. Phillips

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"Indictment against Samuel J. Hawkins," read the indictment clerk in his singsong voice. "This information charges him with perjury in certifying to the presence in prison of fictitious persons and receiving fees from the county therefor to the amount of \$1,280.70, said Samuel J. Hawkins being at that time and at the present time the sheriff of Bainbridge county. The indictment is before you."

The grand jury, first of its kind for years, had been in session in Bainbridge county for forty-two days, and its labors had resulted in the voting of seventeen indictments. The name of Sheriff Hawkins was last on the list to be considered. There was a motley crowd on the stairway of the courthouse waiting to hear the result of the jury's deliberations. A fat deputy sheriff, his hands folded comfortably across his stomach,

sat at the head of the corridor leading to the ground glass door behind which the jury was deliberating. Some of the waiting throng about him were attracted by motives of curiosity only; others, restless and impatient, were there to gather crumbs of information for friends who feared. Then there were three or four newspaper men with pleasant, cynical faces and keen eyes.

There was silence inside the courtroom after the indictment clerk had finished his reading. Juror Vanderbeck was first to speak. "I would like to hear from Mr. Scarborough on this matter." The prosecutor smiled as he twisted his brown mustache. "You can't shift any responsibility, gentlemen," he replied. "The law does not allow me to dictate as to who shall be indicted. It's up to you."

"Boys, I wish you'd hear me on this matter," the speaker was John Kerns of Bay township, a silent, kindly man, who during the tedious weeks of the inquisition had thought much and said little. There was a rustle of interest as he rose, a tall, lanky figure in rusty black. His spare, lined face was smooth shaven, and he had the stoop of hard work in his powerful shoulders. John Kerns was only thirty years old, but he had never been regarded as young. His intimates thought of him, though, with affectionate respect that had nothing of contempt in it as "Old John."

"I don't believe that we'd better indict Sam Hawkins," he said. "I know him as if he was my own brother, for we were raised on neighboring farms. He ain't bad; he's only weak. Sam would never have got into trouble if you'd left him on the farm. 'Oh, I know all about it, and so does every man on this jury! Our party agreed to trade sheriff for register of deeds, and so you fellows put up a poor candidate so Jim Connors could win in a walk. But Sam didn't know he was to be a sacrifice. He went in to win, and he did win! He had to mortgage his farm to do it, and after he had been in awhile he found out he wasn't wanted and that he'd have to walk the plank at the end of one term. All the bosses want Jim Connors, and next fall he'll be elected. The same accident don't happen twice. Ain't that so?"

ing in this singsong voice which had as a mere matter of routine blasted so many that afternoon. "No further indictments."

"This jury stands adjourned sine die," called the foreman. Laughing and talking like schoolboys, now that the long strain had been removed, the jurors filed out of the room.

Molly Dwyer was baking bread in the kitchen of her home, three miles from the county seat, and a pretty picture she made, her cheeks glowing from the ardent kiss of the fire, while her eyes rivaled the coals in brightness.

The snow was falling steadily. Suddenly Molly stopped to listen. On the crisp air came the faint chime of sleighbells. The sound grew louder moment by moment. Molly went to the window to watch. Around the turn of the road swept a cutter drawn by a fine team of trotters.

A man in a big fur coat was driving. It was Sam Hawkins, the sheriff, and the light faded from Molly's eyes as she watched the team sweep gracefully into her father's driveway and never stop until it had brought up by the side porch of the house.

The sheriff sprang from the sleigh, and, without waiting even to blanket the horses, rushed up the steps and into the house. With the assurance of the accepted lover he nodded and smiled genially to Molly's mother in the sitting room, but did not pause. Instead he rushed into the kitchen and with a cry of delight swept Molly into his arms. He kissed her eagerly on face and lips and hair. Although she submitted patiently to the caresses the girl did not resist to them, and a half-unconscious sigh of relief escaped her when the young man finally released her and stood back beaming, to look at her.

"Hurray, Molly!" he cried. "The grand jury has adjourned and I'm not indicted."

"Was there any danger, Sam?" she asked quietly, although her attitude expressed intense interest.

In his relief from the strain of self imposed silence and gnawing anxiety during the six weeks that the jury had been in session the man was too wrapped up in selfish joy to notice anything amiss.

"Was there any danger?" he echoed. "Well, I should think there was. I was caught with the goods, all right. And who do you think saved me? Old John Kerns. Do you know, Molly," he babbled on, almost drunk with exhilaration, I used to fancy Old John was sweet on you, but I saw my mistake when I heard what he did today."

The girl was white about the lips, but her voice was low, almost gentle. "Then you did steal from the county, as they said you did?"

Sam looked up quickly, for he had noted the danger signal. "Oh, no, Molly; steal is hardly the word, but—" "Did you steal from the county?" His face fell suddenly. "You won't let me explain"—he began again.

"Did you?" "I suppose some of them call it stealing. What of it? I'm going to pay it back." Then rage at the men responsible for this complication overcame him. "It serves them right. They put me up to knock me down, and they'll have to watch things the balance of my term; that's all. But what of it?" he asked.

"What of it?" Her scorn and loathing seemed to crush him. "What of it? This much: No Dwyer ever married a thief, and I'm not going to be the first one. Here's your ring"—mechanically he took the extended bauble and slipped it in his pocket—"but before you go I want to tell you why John Kerns got you off—because he thought I loved you and that it would break my heart if you were indicted; that's why. And, thank God, I've found out before it's too late that John Kerns cares that much for me, because"—and she raised her head proudly—"I care for him just as much." Then she went crimson, for Kerns stood in the doorway.

As John advanced into the room with face aghast the sheriff slipped out without a word. The chime of his sleighbells grew fainter and fainter, to die out finally in the distance. And all was well.

Peacock Feathers.

Unluckiness seems to be confined to the bringing of the tall feathers of Junco's bird into a house. I am not aware that this idea is held outside this country, and if it is confined to England many various causes may have led to the belief, which possibly arose in comparatively modern times—no earlier than the crusades. Nothing is more probable than that several crusaders brought home the gorgeous feathers as curiosities, a strange sight and so likely to make a deep impression. Nothing is easier to conceive than that some misfortune—death from disease, loss of wealth or other "bad luck"—may have happened to more than one possessor of the beautiful feathers and that they would on that account soon be credited with being the cause. A belief of this kind once started is of rapid growth and very long lived.—London Notes and Queries.

Lava.

Lava may be blown into granules of gossamer lightness, and the harder sort makes a beautiful glass of half the weight and double the strength of ordinary glass. But it is not always the same. Every volcano pours out its own special brand of molten mixture, disagreeable to walk on, but sometimes yielding precious products, as pumice stone. Lava, in all things, decomposes under the touch of time, as the fertile plains of Sicily testify.

SUNDAY AT THE CHURCHES.

First M. E. Church.

Sermon topics for Sunday: Morning, "Queen Esther's Devotion to Her People;" evening, "Folly Under a King's Crown." The reading room in the front half of the church is open daily from 9 a. m. to 10 p. m. A cordial invitation is extended to attend the services and to make use of the reading room.

Presbyterian Church.

Morning worship, 11 o'clock, "Welcoming." Sunday school, 12:15; Y. P. S. C. E., 7; evening worship, 8. "See For Yourself."

Baptist Church.

All the regular Sunday services will be observed at the Baptist church. The pastor preaching morning and evening on the following themes, "A Joyful Christianity" and "Paul's Last Appeal."

Special Meetings—There will be a week of special meetings at the Salvation Army hall, commencing Monday evening, Sept. 24. A special feature of each evening will be a haritone solo by Mrs. Hagar of Portland. Addresses will be delivered each evening during the week by the pastors of the different city churches. This will be the farewell week of Ensign Henrietta Bigney and Lieutenant Minnie Carpenter, who leave to take charge of a corps in Montana.

First Lutheran Church.

Morning service in Swedish at 10:45; evening service in English, at 8; mid-week service on Wednesday evening at 7:30. All are cordially invited to attend these services.

Congregational Church.

Services will be held morning and evening. The pastor will preach and will be pleased to have all the Congregationalists in the city present. Morning service at 11 o'clock, subject, "Things for Christians to Carefully Note." Evening service at 8 o'clock, subject, "The Proper Spirit of Service." Sunday school at 12:20. Midweek meeting, Wednesday at 8 p. m. Strangers and visitors in the city will find a welcome at all these services. All residents in the city not connected with other churches are cordially invited to make this their church home.

BIG CONSOLIDATION.

NEW YORK, Sept. 21.—In the formation of the Cuban-American Sugar company which was incorporated in Trenton, N. J., the five largest sugar companies in the Cuban field have consolidated under one head. The capital stock consists of \$12,000,000. During the year these five companies handled eleven million tons of sugar cane, which represents an output of 100,000 tons of raw sugar, about one-tenth of the entire supply of Cuba.

AT THE STAR NEXT WEEK



DAISY D'AVRA, WITH THE MACK SWAIN COMPANY.

D'Avra, with the Mack Swain Theater Company, which opens an indefinite engagement at the Star Theater Monday night, presenting the "Sidewalks of New York," and the "Little Minister," with a company of sixteen people and a carload of scenery.

WELL WORTH TRYING.

W. H. Brown, the popular pension attorney of Pittsfield, Vt., says: "Next to a pension, the best thing to get is Dr. King's New Life Pills." He writes: "They keep my family in splendid health." Quick cure for Headache, Constipation and Biliousness. 25c. Guaranteed at Chas. Rogers' drug store.

"TO CURE A FELON,"

says Sam Kendall of Phillipsburg, Kan., "just cover it over with Bucklen's Arnica Salve and the Salve will do the rest." Quickest cure for Burns, Boils, Sores, Scalds, Wounds, Piles, Eczema, Salt Rheum, Chapped Hands, Sore Feet and Sore Eyes. Only 25c at Chas. Rogers'.

WORKS WONDERS.

A Wonderful Compound. Cures Piles, Eczema, Skin Itching, Skin Eruptions, Cuts and Bruises.

Doan's Ointment is the best treatment, and the cheapest, because so little is required to cure. It cures piles after years of torture. It cures obstinate cases of eczema. It cures all skin itching. It cures skin eruptions. It heals cuts, bruises, scratches, and abrasions without leaving a scar. It cures permanently. Astoria testimony proves it.

Mrs. Helen Lewis, of 52 Astor St., Astoria, Ore., says:

"Doan's Ointment proved its healing qualities several years ago when I used and told in a published statement the great relief and cure I obtained from it. I used it for a breaking out around my mouth and lips which had troubled me for a number of years, despite all I could do to get rid of it. My lips would crack and become sore when cold weather set in, and this lasted until it got warm again. I was finally induced to try Doan's Ointment, procuring it at Charles Rogers' drug store. In a short time after beginning to apply it I was cured of the annoyance and I have been entirely free from it since." For sale by all dealers. Price, 50 cents. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y., sole agents for the United States. Remember the name—Doan's—and take no other.

Your Field

IS OUR FIELD, AND WE COVER IT. Our field is the district tributary to the mouth of the Columbia River. We penetrate into all the outlying districts, into lumber camps and isolated neighborhoods. The business of these places belongs to you, and it is worth going after... Space in THE MORNING ASTORIAN is reasonable; contract for some and let these outsiders know that you are still in business at the old stand. You may have a "grouch" but that won't get business; forget it. Let the people know what you have to sell; they may "forget" or have "forgotten"

The MORNING ASTORIAN

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